

# Home

## The Ides Of March

Lonely thoughts they seep, into mind  
    Into me, pushing deep  
Wash the dirt, a hard days work  
    Know my place  
    On my own  
    No poison in my bones  
    On my own  
This is where I build my home  
    My home  
This will always be my home  
    I work until it's late  
Walk in and close the gate  
    I look in the window  
    And I gaze at my face  
Every line and every abrasion  
    This took my life to make  
    This took my life to make  
    On my own  
    No poison in my bones  
    On my own  
This is where I build my home  
    My home  
    I need someone to hold  
    I need someone to hold  
    My home  
This will always be my home  
This will always be my home

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